

Useful
Hints

The Morning Story

IN LOVE WITH AN ACTRESS.
By Donald Allen.

Once upon a time a man of some financial substance, but of a good deal more dignity, saw in the papers that the son of a man, a great deal finer, had married an actress and thereby broken his mother's heart and caused his father to hang his head in shame. The "actress" was a chorus girl on a salary of \$100 a week, and she spent her money for chocolates and left her poor husband to bear all the expenses of the flat on his \$10. When he could no longer do so, having been disowned by his father, he took to the streets and became a beggar. He was so poor that he had to ask a butcher, who wouldn't give even his best customer a chunk of cat meat.

Mr. Frayne didn't take on so very much about this affair, but he read the same sort of affair again three months later, with the addition that the ruined husband had hung himself to a bedpost.

"And we've got a son growing up," he said.

"Yes, and he's now twelve years old," was sighed.

"I don't think I had better speak to him about it."

"I would. You cannot begin with a boy too early."

And so young Harry Frayne was called into the library and told these two cases, and learned that they were only two out of hundreds of like ones, and then the question was put to him with all parental sternness.

"Young man, would you marry an actress?"

"But, I never saw one, papa," was the puzzled answer.

"That makes no difference—would you?"

"I—I guess not."

"If you ever do, sir, I shall disown you."

"When I won't."

No one in the Frayne household, unless it was the cook, who would have married an actor right off and taken her chances of being chopped up with an axe at the next week-end, attended a theatrical performance.

"I shouldn't hang around the vestibule of a theater if I were you," he said by way of advice.

"No, sir."

"Because an actress in front of the house is just as dangerous as one on the stage."

"Even if you don't speak to her?"

"Even so."

"Is Miss Barrymore dangerous?"

"I have said that they are all dangerous."

"But why are they, father?"

"Be careful, sir, or I shall think you are taking an interest. I will answer this one question for you. It is because they eat late suppers and receive bouquets from brokers. If you do not care to read evenings, there is the Y. M. C. A."

A wooden-headed man would be prepared for the natural sequence. The evening of the young man's arrival was spent in his room. The next one found him at a theater. He entered with four and trembling. He was rather surprised that at least six actresses were not on hand to welcome him. Such as were in the play on the stage acted with just as much propriety, and he quickly observed that they were far better looking than those of the audience.

"Why, there are rich people here and nice people," said young Frayne, to himself as he looked at the house over. "I wonder what father and mother are so down on actresses for?"

And for the next year, except when his father visited Chicago, it was at night to nights a week at the theater and sometimes three, and then the young man had an actress pointed out to him on the street or in a restaurant, but he thought it more relevant than any other class. It was months before he happened to be introduced to one, and then by accident and not by her stage name. She had a few minutes' talk, and though her face and voice seemed familiar, it was when he saw her on the stage again that he fully identified her.

Young Frayne had a good society background, and one more he talked with people of social standing about the actress people. He was wondering at the opinions, and he was wondering at the gathering, and he was wondering at the distinction that was at again met Miss Bell, and they sat together long enough to become quite well acquainted.

It was then that the young man learned from her own lips that he had made the acquaintance of an actress, and no child ran over him, nor did he find himself gasping for breath. He found her not only winsome, but broad-minded and well educated and well posted.

"And ever since my boyhood I have been taught to dread them," he said to himself as he walked home that night.

His father and mother arranged that when he had had his summer vacation they should go to Italy together, and one day in July found them at a Lakeside Hotel. A day or two later brought Miss Bell, though she had no idea that he was there. There were guests that knew her, and people were discussing her before young Frayne had a hint of her presence. It came from his father and mother first.

"Well," said the former as the trio sat by themselves, "I was never so sure as I am now that this was a select hotel."

"They seem very nice people," replied Harry.

"You don't mean that a lot of foreigners have arrived?"

"I mean that at least one actress has arrived, and the guests are gathering round her like flies about sugar."

"Mercy me!"

"I believe that most of the theatrical people take a summer vacation," said Harry in a voice he tried to make casual.

"But to come here?" gasped the mother.

"Perhaps it is only to pay a call on some one," hopefully observed the father.

"Did you learn the name of the actress who has so taken the hotel all adrift?" asked Harry, after a moment.

"A Miss Bell."

The young man's confusion betrayed him. He knew that being acquainted with an actress would be accounted a scandal in the eyes of his parents.

The mother's look was one of pity and censure, and the father looked as stern as a judge about to sentence a murderer as he demanded.

"If it is Miss Bell, the actress of the city, then I know her," was the reply.

"Have you known her in the theater in Chicago?"

"Only of times."

"You were introduced to this person by whom?"

"By my hostess at a fashionable function. Miss Bell is received in the best society."

"They must have queer society in Chicago," said the mother.

"You have disobeyed me, sir," exclaimed the father, "and you must take the consequences."

With that the father and mother

Woman and Home

Ethical
Talks

went away to talk the affair over by themselves.

Could they hire a Blacklander to blow Harry up with a bomb, and perhaps the actress with him? Could he be kidnapped aboard a vessel bound for China, and given time to repent before he returned?

To think that their Harry—Harry Frayne—who had been brought up to say his prayers—had his Sunday school lessons dead-letter perfect—to obey his father in everything—to think this boy of theirs had not only attended a theater, but had become "mashed" on an actress, and would become her prey. When they reflected upon all these things they found themselves cast into desolation.

In this condition of mind they went out for a stroll along the shore of the lake. As other guests were strolling, too, and as they did not find the privacy desired, they entered a boat and pushed out a few rods from shore.

Mr. Frayne knew as much about handling a rowboat as he did about the stage, and as he finally picked up the oars to row a little he managed to upset the craft. It bobbed and rocked and dipped, and as he was receiving a heap of gratuitous advice from twenty different persons it turned turtle and over they went in water ten feet deep.

There was no other boat handy, and as no man among those on the bank wanted to wet his summer suit and be called a hero, there would have been a tragedy but for a lady coming back in a boat alone after a row across the lake.

With half a dozen swift strokes she reached the victims as they rose to the surface together, and a hand held either up until help could come.

Was the lady Miss Bell, the actress, who had made prey of the son, and was now inconsistent enough to save the parents?

It was a triumphant procession to the hotel. It was Miss Bell again who acted as first aid to Mrs. Frayne and general adviser to the husband, and at the end of two hours both patients were doing as well as could be expected. In fact, they were doing better. They had thanked the rescuer over and over again, although aware of her profession, and now they were saying to Harry, who had been taking a long walk to get used to the feeling of being disowned:

"There isn't a woman in a thousand that would have been as cool about it as Miss Bell, and she seems a perfect lady in every respect."

"But why shouldn't she be?" asked Harry with some irritation. "I must tell you both that people will think it is you two who need reforming a bit."

"Harry," said the father, "I'm not going to disown you."

"Thanks, father."

"And your mother and I will go to the theater to see Miss Bell play."

"I hope you will."

"And if you two should fall in love?" said the mother.

"But one of us has already!" was interrupted.

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AS SMART AS BECOMING

The Skirt in Spiral Flounces.



Many old fashions are coming back and details of woman's dress grow more dainty and feminine. As taffeta has so much spring to it, it has become very popular with the wide skirts. This model, of blue taffeta is made with absolutely no trimming. Even the pointed collar is detached, being fastened to a velvet ribbon. One of the new shapes in a rough yellow straw, trimmed with blue velvet, is worn with this costume.

Prominent Features

BY LILLIAN RUSSELL.

(Copyright, 1915, by Lillian Russell.)

The most conspicuous of your features demand the most attention. If your hair is of a color that makes you prominent among women, you should see that it is kept in perfect condition. If your nose is large enough to be unusually prominent, it will be necessary for you to take special precaution against enlarged pores and discolorations. In fact, in every instance, where you are blessed or cursed, as the case may be, with some particular feature of a sufficiently pronounced type to make it conspicuous among women that feature demands your most careful attention.

Hair is so striking that it always attracts the eye. The woman with red hair always stands out prominently among women for the reason that her hair is of an unusual color. A hundred or more blonds or brunettes will pass while one head of red or copper hair is seen.

There is a great deal of beauty in hair, but no matter whether it is light or dark, red or copperish, it calls for continual care. The coiffure must be studied. Red hair should always be smooth, never fluffy, while blond hair may be dressed soft and fluffy. Brunettes always look best when their hair is undulated and perfectly smooth.

The contour of the face should be carefully studied. Only perfect features look well framed when the hair is worn plainly parted in the middle and coiled softly in the shape of the neck. Imagine a Madonna coiffure with a turned up nose and short round face. It would be as conspicuous as a fat face with a large nose topped off with a high pompadour of fuzzy red hair.

I have mentioned the nose as a conspicuous feature. Sometimes it is so large and at other times so small that it has special prominence. It will be all the more prominent if the pores are enlarged or if it bears any of the discoloring marks which appear on that part of the face.

The woman with a pronounced nose should avoid using powder upon it. When white powder is used upon the nose it enlarges the effect and puts a veritable high light upon it. White powder is for small noses. I see many noses are conspicuous for their shiny surface and for other defects which could be cured by a little attention.

Large ears can be subdued often by an arrangement of the hair. Also an ear that is too small can be made to appear larger. The arrangement of the hair always plays an important part in the impression made by the ear. Likewise, if your feet are large you should take special precautions against ungainly shoes. Such feet should always be covered by a shoe that is well proportioned.

Every woman is aware of her most conspicuous features. It is woman's nature to ascertain such things. But instead of worrying about features

which you consider ugly, you should take measures to minimize their homeliness or make them contribute something favorable to your general appearance.

Lillian Russell's Answers.
K. C. B.—I am sorry, but I cannot give names and addresses through my columns. The constant use of alcohol and witch hazel has a tendency to make the skin dry. There would be no harm in using it every night for about two weeks, but I should discontinue the use of it after that for a while. I shall be happy to send an astringent lotion for

A FLOWER SEASON
In Hats.

While there are many Scotch bonnet and Tipperary styles, a new revival of an old style is pictured here. The peculiar shape of the hat and the manner of placing the flower spray, is typical of quite a few years back.

closing the pores, also treatment for blackheads and instructions for deep breathing, if you will send me a stamped addressed envelope.

Dorothy—By using an astringent lotion after cleansing the face with cold cream a growth of hair can be prevented. First cleanse the face with rose and soap, wipe off with a soft cloth, then bathe with warm water and a good pure white soap, preferably castile, rinse well with warm water, then dash with cold water, wipe dry, and apply the astringent lotion.

Ruth—Yes, Ruth, I know exactly how such people look. I happened to see a girl a short time ago whose brows were so heavily shadowed by her hair that she presented a most unsightly appearance—she looked really ferocious. As long as the growth is heavy it will take some time to remove the hairs.

You can bleach them with peroxide so they will not be so conspicuous. They can be pulled out with tweezers. This is rather painful, but the stray hairs will not return. After pulling them out apply a little peroxide and ammonia mixture. Be careful not to get any of it in the eyes.

Dr. Brady's Health Talks
PLAY FOR THE COMPULENT.

We have said that fat people don't know how to play and that this accounts in part for their obesity. Excessions to the rule will please no one. We know that fat people are ever ready to make monkeys of themselves, and we love them for their good nature, yet it is none the less true that obesity compounds itself along a little way behind indolence.

Muscular exercise for the purpose of accelerating metabolism or oxidation in the body is no less important than diet. It not only promotes destruction of the deposits, but also stimulates the circulation and increases the rate of elimination of the waste products.

Beyond doubt the most effective exercise for the corpulent is walking in the open air. The fat man or fat woman who is anxious to reduce should get the habit of walking at least four miles a day, and no little thing like riding on a bicycle will do.

With the treatment a single day. Without casting discredit on the pharmacopoeia, we dare say there is more health in a daily hike in all kinds of weather than you can find in any other remedy not advertised in almanacs.

In fat persons with heart trouble the walks must be graduated according to individual conditions by the medical adviser. For weak heart graduated walks are a standard and successful treatment.

Room gymnastics are more especially helpful for the reduction of excessive local fat deposits, as upon the hips, abdomen or back.

Massage is of value to aid in the elimination of waste material, but without voluntary exercise it will never reduce the weight to any extent.

Questions and Answers.
She Makes a Sad Mistake.—My occupation is that of a ticket seller. I sit all day at a window with no chance to exercise. Whereas, my usual weight is 140, I now weigh 160. I eat in restaurants, consequently have no choice as to the diet. What can I do to reduce?

Reply.—First, exercise. Of course, a lady never lies, but sometimes she prevaricates. Don't you have ten minutes in your room at bedtime? That's a fine time to exercise. Watch for some special articles on obesity, and meanwhile do your daily summer sets and setting-up drill.

Don't Sacrifice a Sound Tooth.—Should sound teeth be extracted when the gums are diseased?

Reply.—Not by any means. A sound tooth is better than a gold crown.

AMUSEMENTS

FINE SINGING AND ACTING
MARK "ALDA" PERFORMANCE

As an exponent of the elaborate and prodigious staging that is commonly associated in thought with grand opera production, the San Carlo Grand Opera Company is not to be taken seriously as an organization, however, of singers, actors, musicians and artists, all of it is not only worthy of profound respect, but it compels warm and even wondering admiration.

Fortune Gallo, the managing director of the company, has very apparently not bothered his mind or drawn upon his pocket to provide heavy settings, handsome costumes and massive properties. Inspired by the very Latin idea that operas were written principally to be sung and not for the purpose of exploiting ballet dancers and scenery painters, he has evidently devoted his energies to securing men and women with sufficient skill and art to sing and play the scores of the masters.

In other words, the San Carlo Grand Opera Company presents the grand operas in "Italian style," as we know it. Which, being interpreted, means that the men and women of the company, led by an accomplished director, who also has charge of an orchestra, are filled with an adequate number of instrumentalists who are also musicians, sing whatever operas are programmed with voices always schooled alone and effective and often very beautiful, and always again with the utmost fire and intensity, while they portray the characters assigned to them with complete subordination of self and a temperamental absorption in their various roles.

All this was known before to those of us who were so fortunate as to hear any or all of the three operas sung by that remarkable and admirable organization last season, so that last night's performance of "Aida" came only as a confirmation of an opinion already held, or a prediction already made. But it must have opened the eyes and thrilled the ears of the many in the large audience who had not known what was before them. And, for the first time, the company was greeted and, by the way, applauded by an audience that fairly well filled the house. Last season, few realized the great worth of the organization and its performances; last night the sheer merit of the company, remembered and talked about, drew a relatively big house.

As has been suggested, there was much to be desired—by those who lay stress upon the mechanical side of opera—in the way of production; some of the scenes, indeed, from that standpoint, were frankly funny. But, so far as the music and the acting were concerned, the performance was entrancing. It might be said that the company was so dramatic a presentation of Verdi's most impressive opera.

By his singing of the radiant aria, "Celeste Aida," which it will be remembered, is set in the first few pages of the score, Giuseppe Agostini quickly won the ungrudging, the enthusiastic approval of the house, and deservedly. For he is one of the finest tenors that Richmond has ever heard in opera. Strictly speaking, he is doubtless a lyric tenor; his voice is not heavy in its lower register, has none of the baritone quality that is frequently found in tenor robust. But he uses it with such fervor and dramatic force that it is a relief to stand up and hear him sing. He is a singer of the word, and, as such, he is a grower more and more effective vocally as the end of this extremely trying opera drew near.

Adhering to the indisposition of Mme. Aida, the program of the evening was sung by Mary Keastner, one of the few Americans in the company. Miss Keastner is a lyric soprano, and Aida

is one of the most wholly dramatic and difficult roles in Italian opera, and therefore sang under a handicap that few singers would even attempt to overcome. Nevertheless, she sang bravely, and, relatively, very well indeed. At times, in passages that ran low, her voice was "white," colorless, but she atoned for that defect by her clarity and certainty with which she took the innumerable extremely high notes in the part. And her acting performance was more than commendable.

Caroline Zauver sang Amneris, typically faultlessly. A mezzo-soprano of much power and beauty, her voice throughout its entire scope is uniform, and she handles it with the skill and discretion of an artist. In the role of Amonasso, Alessandro Modesti displayed a high type of what we have learned to regard as the Italian baritone, a heavy voice, resonant and with more than a little vibrato that runs up anywhere its possessor pleases to place it. Natale Cervi, who sang Pharaoh, is an extraordinarily good basso cantante.

The chorus, chosen solely for its vocal ability, produced, under the magnetic direction of the maestro, Giuseppe Agostini, the able general musical director, a volume of musical tone, perfected in attack, release and all the various shades of sound, that was at times actually thrilling.

Owing to the change in the Aida role, Miss Keastner will not sing Santuzza this afternoon, but will appear in the "Tales of Hoffman" cast to-night, when Angelo Antola, the splendid baritone of last season will also sing, as will Edwige Vancarlo, whose Lucia was so striking last season. This afternoon, Mr. Agostini, last night's Rhadames, will sing Canio in "Pagliacci," while Mr. Modesti will sing Tonio. Chevalier Agostini will conduct his excellent orchestra of some twenty pieces and all three operas to-day.

Violating one of the inviolable rules of this column, it must be said that either of the two performances of to-day will be well worth about twice the price that it commands.

Douglas Gordon.

"THE CHARITY BALL," A HIT
WITH BILLO'S FOLLOWING

A season of stock productions without that stage evergreen, "The Charity Ball," would be incomplete. The last generation pronounced it the apotheosis of farce, and the next generation pronounced it the apotheosis of farce. De Mille put into it the human elements that have since the earliest era of the theater contributed to every drama of lasting fame.

"The Charity Ball," revised to bring the lines abreast of the times, was designated in the original manuscript—"to-day"—was presented by Grayce Scott and her companion players at the Bijou last night. It was an attractively mounted and well acted version of the favorite old play, and received the splendid reception accorded by the large and loyal following of the stock organization that filled the theater.

The undiminished popularity of the members of the De Witt Newing company was attested by the individual complimentary notice given each of the actors. As each member of the cast made his or her first entrance it was

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Calomel is dangerous and people know it, while Dodson's Liver Tonic is perfectly safe and gives better results, said a prominent local druggist. Dodson's Liver Tonic is personally guaranteed by every druggist who sells it. A large bottle costs 50 cents, and if it fails to give easy relief in every case of liver sluggishness and constipation, you have only to ask for your money back.

Dodson's Liver Tonic is a pleasant-tasting, purely vegetable remedy, harmless to both children and adults. Take a spoonful at night and wake up feeling like a new man; no biliousness, sick headache, acid stomach or constipated bowels. It doesn't gripe or cause inconvenience of the next day's stool. Calomel. Take a dose of calomel to-day and to-morrow you will feel weak, sick and nauseated. Don't lose a day's work! Take Dodson's Liver Tonic instead and feel fine, full of vigor and ambition.—Advertisement.

SONG RECITAL
Benefit Associated Charities of Richmond.
Y. W. C. A. AUDITORIUM
March 16, 8:30 P. M.
Soloists: Mrs. Clifton M. Miller, Mr. Joseph Whitmore. Accompanist, Mr. Louis Weitzel.
Tickets on sale at Steiff & Co.

signalized by an enthusiastic outburst of applause.

In the casting of the play each of the players was assigned a congenial role, the general effect being to bring out the full strength of the presenting company. Miss Scott was a charming Ann Cruger; the versatile Mr. Newing as the near-great Alexander, gave a happy interpretation of the spirit that animates a juvenile character of Alce's sunny disposition; Herbert Curtis, as the adroit financier, Cruger, was at his best; Mr. Riddell, whose acting is always marked by naturalness, spontaneity and fine discretion, invested the character of Judge Peter Gurley Knox with an uncanny humor; Mr. Bassett, a capital Dick; Mr. Mayhew an effective Creighton; Mr. Lynch an excellent Paxton; Mr. Berthelet an amusing Betts; Miss Hall all that could be desired in her portrayal of Phyllis Lee, the dour, dolorous; Miss Crawford an interesting Mrs. De Pester, particularly so in her comedy scenes with Mr. Riddell; Miss Cheever a sufficiently ingenious Bess, and Master Mountcastle, a local boy prodigy, acted Cain in a manner that was a complete refutation of the plaint of the old tragedian.

"Now, by the road, as Hamlet says, it grieves me sore to say

"The stage is not as once it was when I was wont to play."

Standing out like a cameo in the presentation was the superb performance of Jack Warner, whose conception and expression of the character of the gentle, brave, broad-minded, warm-hearted and genuinely human clergyman, was beyond adverse criticism. In the tense scenes of the play the acting capacity of Mr. Warner was rigorously tested, and stood well each test.

Frequent and insistent encores gave abundant evidence of the full measure of enjoyment derived by the audience. "The Charity Ball" should prove one

of the most popular offerings of the Grayce Scott company.

Secretary McKee Better.

General Secretary McKee, of the Central Young Men's Christian Association, who has been ill of pneumonia for some weeks, is thought to be on the verge of danger, and his physician expects him to be able to sit up within the next few days. Secretary McKee contracted a severe cold while in Philadelphia some time ago.

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